The too and fro conflicting winde and raine,
This night wherein the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieft
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatterd kingdom, who already wiſe in our negligence
Haue ſecret fee in ſome of our beſt Ports,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to *Douer*, you ſhall finde
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine;
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this Office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we haue found the King,

Ile this way, you that, he tha
On him, hollow the other.

Enter L

Lear. Blow winde and cr
You carterickes, and Hircan
The ſteeples, drownd the co
Thought executing fires, va
Oke-cleauing thunder-bolt
And thou all ſhaking thund
The thicke rotundity of the
Mold, all Germains ſpill at
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court
Is better then this raine wat
Good Nunckle in, and aske
Here's a night pitties neythe

Lear. Rumble thy belly f
Nor raine, winde, thunder, fi
I taske not you, you Elemen
I neuer gaue you kingdom
You owe me no ſubſcriptio
Pleaſure, here I ſtand your f
Deſpiſed old man, but yet I
Miniſters, that haue with tw
Your high engendered batt
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that has a houſe
peece, the codpeece that wi
head and he ſhall lowſe, ſo
makes his toe, what he his h
ery woe, and turne his ſleep
faire woman, but ſhe made

Lear. No, I will be the p
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO